

Year 1960. The Military Years

1960 was a banner year for me. I graduated from Acadia University this year with a Bachelor of Commerce degree. I was also elected the Class President for life - an honour I will always cherish.

After graduation I reported to Camp Borden Ontario for my third year training as an Officer Cadet. During the summer of 1969 I would take down my white stripe of cloth under my pip which denoted officer/cadet for O/C. It was a real "live" officer a 2/Lieutenant or 2/Lt.

All too soon I discovered the lowest life in the Army is a 2/Lt. I was posted to the First Canadian Infantry Brigade: 4th Transportation Company in Winnipeg, Manitoba.

I had purchased a 1954 Cadillac from a fellow officer in Camp Borden for \$1100.00.

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Camp Borden had to sell it because he got married. He had been an RCAF officer on short term commission (in other words he had been taught to fly then after 2/3 years of operational flying had been released). When he was released he was given a bonus with which he bought the Cadillac, joined the Army and got married in that order. When I did enjoy the Cadillac to drive from Toronto stop when I was tired by the side of a road - always near a garage. I would get into the back seat, stretch out, put a 6 foot pillow & blanket & sleep. I always carried my 3030 Winchester rifle with me. The US Troopers or State Police would check the car but not once did they so much as rap on the glass. I guess they could see me sleeping, my uniforms hanging up & my

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commanding officer - Major
Don Hannah had a
1952 Lincoln. Well, for a
2 ft to have a Cadillac &
even newer than his did not
get me off on the right foot.
My name was given B Platoon.
My name is probably still
on the B Platoon beer mug.
A transport platoon was
big 11 officers and 59 men.
I had a grizzled old Staff
Sergeant and a kindly
old Sergeant Forbs.
They both had two
rows of ribbons & the Staff
had jump wings. The men
were every age from boys
17/18 to permanent residents.
One was named
Sunderman. A denser person
I have never ever met. If
I must have been in the
minus numbers he was
in his 50s and the Army
was this whole life wonder
what happened to him
when he got out he really
couldn't look after himself -
he was queer, didn't read,
didn't watch TV, didn't
anything in his initiation to the

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Then again the officers themselves were an unforgettable crew. To be an officer in a Brigade Unit wearing the red patch in the Army, in the Service Corps, one had to be a bit strange anyway.